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The Essence of Humane Learning

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Within the memory of some of us, the phrase "small Latin and less Greek" was aptly employed to describe the position of classical studies in America. We were worried then, indeed. Today the situation is even worse, so that the old phrase is no longer applicable, and we must recast it to read "less Latin and no Greek". From the high schools, at any rate, Greek has vanished almost completely, whereas in the colleges it is maintaining only the most precarious kind of existence. Under these circumstances, it behooves us to give earnest consideration to ways and means of preserving the humane tradition in modern life and education. Unfortunately I have no panacea for the new ailments that have descended upon this vale of tears in the present generation. The best I can offer is an attempt at diagnosis, and, after all, this is probably the proper starting point in our search for a cure. Let no wag suggest that I am performing a post mortem; my patient lives and will continue to live.

Humanism is a term employed to designate the literary movement in the late Middle Ages toward the revival of Greek and Latin learning. Humanities is a much wider term, and has a twofold application: it is sometimes employed to refer to the study of the classical literatures and the auxiliary fields on their periphery, whereas, at other times, it is used more broadly with reference to all cultural learning as opposed to purely professional studies. In the remarks that follow, I am speaking from the viewpoint of the old humanist.

First of all, then, let us bear in mind that the old Greeks never wrought a masterpiece of art or literature with a view to giving merely esthetic satisfaction or creating complete verisimilitude. They strove to give permanent expression to the highest ideals of mankind. This was an aspect of ancient realism, for the ancients understood that life had two sides, and that both were equally real, the one being beautiful and noble, the other hideous and disgraceful. Homer can speak of wind, rain, weather, food, drink, clothing, and shelter, — and these certainly are very real considerations in the life of every man, woman, and child. Modern realism seems to feel that it must deal with the foul side of life only, as if that were the only real side of life. And yet, it is obvious that Church Street, in the center of my home-town, where a fine church stands and substantial citizens live, is just as real as is a street adjoining my town on the south, where transient barflies flit as giddily as their singed and broken wings, as well as the police department permit. The ancients exalted one side of life; we seem to exalt the other. The ancient writers were interested in the important and ever recurring problems of man, his life, and his destiny. Thus the ancient masterpieces acquired

GENERAL INDEX

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the qualities of timelessness and universality, and naturally became the models for all mankind.

The early humanists studied and imitated the old masterpieces. If there is any weakness in their panoply, it is the fact that the canonization of the masters was wholly arbitrary. On the whole, however, I am sure, that little fault can be found with their selections. These masterpieces were regarded by the humanists as representing the spiritual residue of the worth-while qualities of Greek and Roman genius. Consequently, the essence of humane learning today, it appears to me, should consist of the timeless, universal, and worth-while features of ancient Greek and Roman civilization. This is a high standard, and by its application much that is now in our humanistic programs would vanish. Let us consider a few examples. Xenophanes objected to many of the old myths, and Plato would banish the poets altogether from his ideal state. Furthermore, toward the close of the Roman Republic, educated Romans had largely abandoned what then passed for religion. In spite of Augustus' efforts to revive the old worship, men turned more and more from religion to philosophy. Obviously, we cannot classify among the timeless, universal, and worthwhile that which the ancients themselves tried to throw overboard. Mythology and Roman religion, therefore, do not fit the pattern of humanism. We have much better lights today than did the Greeks and Romans. Why, then, should we study ancient lamps? The same question may be asked about many other aspects of ancient private life. Many inscriptions had purely ephemeral purposes, as, for example, to record the tax paid to the Delian League by a certain city in a certain year in the fifth century B. C. At the close of the Peloponnesian War, such inscriptions had already lost all significance. The ancients had the good judgment to use these pieces of stone for building purposes or to fill up old wells. There they should have remained, and would have, if snooping archaeologists and epigraphists had not attempted to give

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permanent importance to matters of transitory significance. Nor has papyrology aided the cause of humanism greatly, for the dry sands of Egypt have yielded up but few heretofore unknown fragments of masters or masterpieces. The welter of household accounts, private letters and contracts had only a personal value, when these documents were written, and even this value vanished with the death long ago of the people concerned.

The early Italian poets and the neo-Latin writers were not troubled by the many auxiliary fields of Greek and Latin which now claim the attention of specialists. They merely studied their masters, and then tried to reproduce or imitate them. Thus, the study of Latin and, to an extent, of Greek flourished; in fact, the right of these two classical languages to their preeminent position in education was never questioned nor challenged. What caused the change, and brought us modern teachers of Greek and Latin to our present low estate? The answer, I think, is twofold.

The impact of science on the whole life of man in the nineteenth century was of such magnitude that it might well be characterized as revolutionary. Above all, the new scientific method was embraced as the proper approach to all fields of thought. Included in this new swarm of locusts were men like Mommsen and Wilamowitz. The former dug into Latin inscriptions and unearthed unknown facts of Roman history, presenting both the significant and the insignificant without discrimination. The latter explored every avenue of pre-Greek, Greek, and Hellenistic life. Such giants could not fail to attract a goodly following, so that soon all our sham giants and real pygmies were walking in their footsteps, albeit *non passibus aequis*. Specialization became rampant; the humanist died a natural death; the palaeographer, epigraphist, archaeologist, papyrologist, the expert in myth, religion, private life, legal and constitutional antiquities was born.

A second strong impetus toward extreme specialization came from the increased demand for the Ph. D. degree from the middle of the previous century onward. The famous German universities set the pattern, and American students who received their degrees from them, returned to our shores and shaped our rising graduate schools in the foreign mold. From the beginning, the dissertation was the central core of the requirements for the Ph. D. degree; it represented an original contribution to learning; it trained the candidate in scholarly method; it opened up a vista for future exploration and specialized exploitation. Now, it is obvious that it is much easier to become master of a small, limited field, than it is to do so on a larger scale. Also, the more obscure and uncultivated a field is, the more fertile it will prove to be for the investigator. Naturally, both young candidates and mature scholars forsook the highways of humane learning, and lost themselves in the byways and detours of narrow specialization. That situation prevails today, and is becoming more intensified each passing year.

The important question now arises, as to whether or not our modern trend in classical studies is reconcilable with the older tradition of humane learning. I am convinced that it is, and by this statement I return into favor with the specialists, including myself. I believe

that we specialists are guilty merely of putting the cart before the horse, and that we can rectify the situation by reversing the process. In other words, we must not put chief emphasis on dissecting the great, old masterpieces and using the fragments to fill in the gaps in our knowledge of the times; rather, we must use the auxiliary branches of classical study as a backdrop, which will give sharper and clearer outline to the masterpieces of art or literature. Mythology and religion, for example, exerted a great influence not only on dramatic literature, but also on art and architecture. Consequently, any light which mythology and religion can throw on the best products in these fields represents a contribution to humane learning.

Of course, there is nothing inherently sinful, nor even morally reprehensible in pursuing antiquarian interests for their own sake. Some of our best people today are collectors of stamps, coins, glassware, period furniture, snuff boxes and the like. Why should not others, if they wish, interest themselves in ancient lamps, mirrors, or customs? These are respectable pursuits, indeed, but they simply formed no prominent part of the older humanism. It may be argued by some, that we need every scrap of information which we can obtain, in order to reconstruct a complete cultural pattern of the various periods of ancient Greece and Rome. That may be a desirable goal, but it is not the one at which the old humanists aimed; in fact, they had no interest in it at all. It is the historian and the cultural anthropologist who legitimately seek the complete picture, showing the good and the bad, the beautiful and the ugly, the enduring and the ephemeral, the universal and the local. The humanist reaped only in the choicest fields, white for the harvest, and was never a gleaner; he left that task to the historian, the anthropologist, and the classical philologist.

A few moments ago I asserted that the modern trend is reconcilable with the older tradition, but I can go beyond that and say that the gap has already been bridged. This was accomplished by Professor Werner Jaeger, when he defended the study and interpretation of the masterpieces of literature and art as a legitimate goal in itself. In his *Humanistische Reden und Vorträge*, read *Philologie und Historie*, which was his inaugural address at the University of Basel, delivered on Dec. 18, 1914. Perhaps the pendulum is beginning to swing back; perhaps another cycle is about to be completed. There was a little renaissance in the time of Charlemagne; after the lapse of centuries came the big Renaissance; and in the age of the great German poet, Goethe, whose two hundredth anniversary we have recently celebrated there was again a mild renaissance. Perhaps our tired, old eyes will yet see the rosy-fingered dawn of a better morning. Meantime, let us not grow faint of heart.

In a current report of the recent Communist trial (*Time*, Oct. 24), the indefatigable Judge Harold Medina is said to have set for himself "the life of a vegetable" during the trying nine months. "He passed up parties, the opera and theatre, refused to see his friends. He even gave up translating Latin, which is one of his hobbies."

In Medina we surely have a gentleman, a scholar, and a judge of good hobbies.

Marcus Tullius Cicero

PATRIOT AND MAN OF LETTERS

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The renowned orator and man of letters, Marcus Tullius Cicero, holds a distinguished place in Roman history. "O lucky Rome", he writes, "born when I was your consul!"

O fortunatam natam me consule Romam!

Small wonder that men thought him conceited. Yet he was recognized as a patriot. Aufidius Bassus calls him *vir natus ad reipublicae salutem*.

The conspiracy of Catiline against the Roman state was the source of Cicero's political pre-eminence, of his exultant pride, and — in the end — of his downfall and his doom. His real significance for later ages was due to something quite different. However to the average school boy and school girl he is best known — perhaps solely known — by his orations. And of them all, those most frequently quoted, I suppose are the four against Catiline: from *Quo usque tandem?* through *Abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit*² and *Rem Publicam . . . periculis meis . . . conservatam ac restitutam videtis*⁴ to the final self-approval voiced in the words: *Habetis eum consulem qui . . . ea quae statueritis, quoad vivet, defendere . . . possit*.⁵

But unfortunately his life was shortened by those very activities on behalf of the state of which he was so justly — if somewhat inordinately — proud.

Fortunately students of Cicero beginning with the orations are ordinarily introduced also, at the very outset, to two great speeches that reveal significant traits of personality and his ruling passions. There is friendship and hero worship, as set forth in the oration on Pompey's Military Command (or For the Manilian Law); and there is the theme of the literary masterpiece delivered in the year 62 B.C. for Archias the Poet. Who has not been thrilled by the familiar words, as true today as when they were first uttered: *haec studia adulescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solacium praebent*?⁶ They constitute the credo of all devoted teachers of the Classics. And Cicero is their prophet.

CICERO AS A POLITICAL FIGURE

The great orator was a self-made man, a *novus homo* — the first of his family to hold a curule office. By sheer worth and persistent ambition he made his way up through the preliminary steps of the *cursus honorum* to the quaestorship, and finally to the goal of the Roman's political career, the consulship. This high office he held at the age of 43, in the year 63 B.C. His outstanding traits as a public official were honesty, love of country, and the fearless performance of his duty. He might be termed the last great Republican — The Last Puritan of the Roman Republic.

His successful career naturally made him an object of envy and of enmity to many of higher social rank, who regarded him as an interfering upstart. By putting to death without trial Roman citizens implicated in Catiline's plot against the state, Cicero had laid himself open to a serious charge and made more enemies. Though hailed as *Pater Patriae* by his grateful countrymen at the time of the overthrow of the conspiracy, he was exiled from Rome in the year 58, through the instrumentality

of his enemy Clodius, and spent almost two years as a homeless wanderer. Not only his town house on the Palatine in Rome, but also his villas at Tusculum and at Formiae were given over to fire and pillage. He was ordered to go into banishment to a distance of 400 Roman miles from the City, and spent unhappy months in Thessalonica, Athens and Dyrrachium — the modern Durazzo. Nor was he more philosophical about his fate than was Ovid at a later time. Prosperity and adversity alike seem to have brought out some of Cicero's deplorable traits. He was inclined both to vanity and to despair. To his wife and children he writes from Brundisium (in the year 58): *omnia tempora sunt misera, tum vero cum aut scribo ad vos aut vestra lego, conficior lacrimis sic ut ferre non possum*.⁷

All seemed to have ended in complete failure. Yet he had friends who were tireless in their efforts on his behalf. By September of 57 B.C. he was back in Rome and in that month delivered an oration in the Senate *post Reditum*. He had landed at Brundisium on his daughter Tullia's birthday. It was a triumphal return. *Ad urbem ita veni ut nemo ullius ordinis homo nomenclatori notus fuit qui mihi obviam non venit*.⁸ At the Porta Capena he was greeted with the greatest applause — which accompanied him as far as the Capitol. It was a red-letter day in his life. He felt that he had been vindicated and restored to his rightful place. In his absence a new method of applause — or of showing approval for a man — had apparently come into being. *Cum more hoc insulso et novo plausum meo nomine recitando dedissent, habui contionem*.⁹ He liked it. And so he appropriately made a speech! It must not be forgotten that his oratorical ability played no small part in his success throughout his life.

In the year 53 Cicero was honored by being chosen to fill a vacancy in the board of augurs.

Like all Romans engaged in political life, Cicero was called on for administrative duties in the provinces. After his quaestorship (in 76 B.C.) he served in Sicily. His head-quarters were at Lilybaeum (not at the better-known city of Syracuse), and he relates — presumably with a rueful smile — how little he was missed at Rome during his absence. *Cum ex me quidam quaesisset* (at Puteoli, when Cicero was there on his way back to Rome after a year in his province) *quo die Roma exissem et num quidnam esset novi. Cui cum respondissem, me ex provincia decedere: "etiam mehercule," inquit, "ut opinor, ex Africa." Huic ego iam stomachans fastidiose, "immo ex Sicilia," inquam. Tum quidam, quasi qui omnia sciret: "Quid? tu nescis," inquit, "hunc Syracusis quaestorem fuisse?"*¹⁰ Evidently Cicero could tell a good story on himself on occasion. In retrospect, at least, he saw the humor of the situation. And humor is an outstanding characteristic of his correspondence, and is not absent from his speeches.

Earlier experience stood him in good stead when he was called upon (in 70 B.C.) to prosecute the notorious Gaius Verres for his appalling misadministration as governor of Sicily (from 73-71 B.C.). Cicero's proconsulship in Cilicia in the year 51 was one of the outstanding political achievements of his life. He set a notable example of honest and honorable administration. His tact and wit — as well as his firmness of purpose — are well illustrated in a letter to his friend Caelius, who wanted the Governor of this distant province to send him

(presumably at public expense) some panthers to exhibit in the arena at Rome. *De pantheris*, says Cicero, *per eos qui venari solent agitur mandatu meo diligenter; sed mira paucitas est et eas quae sunt valde aiunt queri, quod nihil cuiquam insidiarum in mea provincia nisi sibi fiat; itaque constituisse dicuntur in Cariam ex nostra provincia decedere.*¹¹

Cicero's last great service to the Roman Republic consists of the fourteen speeches directed against Mark Antony — invectives like those of Demosthenes against Philip of Macedon, and hence called "the Philippics." They cost him his life. The Fourteenth Philippic has been termed "the last free voice of the Roman Senate."¹²

It was at Formiae that the assassins sent by Antony found him on Dec. 7, 43 B.C. He had thought of fleeing, but ultimately decided to terminate by a courageous death a life devoted to his country's welfare. *Moriar in patria saepe servata*, he said.¹³

Such a man was Cicero, the statesman and patriot.

CICERO THE MAN

The personal life of this great Roman is revealed to us in approximately eight hundred letters that have been preserved through the centuries. Imagine the joy of Petrarch when, in 1345, he discovered in a church library in Verona an ancient manuscript — the first known — containing the Letters to Atticus, to his brother Quintus, and to Marcus Brutus. He copied them out with his own hand, and then set a new fashion of *Letters to Dead Authors* by addressing a letter of his own to the great Roman orator and man of letters. Petrarch says: *Epistulas tuas diu multumque perquisitas atque, ubi minime rebar, inventas avidissime perlegi.*¹⁴ It was a voice from the dead to which he felt he must reply. He deplores Cicero's premature fate: *quis te furor in Antonium impegit?* he asks, and then answers his own question: *amor credo reipublicae.* And at the close he says: *aeternum vale, mi Cicero.*¹⁵

In the centuries that have elapsed since their discovery, the letters have become a chief source for our knowledge of Cicero the man. His very thoughts are revealed to us. The extant collections consist of sixteen books to his family and friends, sixteen books to his friend Atticus, three books to his brother Quintus, and two books to Marcus Brutus.

His letters to his wife, to his secretary Tiro — who had been a slave but was now his freedman and his friend — are of particular interest. Aristotle, far in advance of the spirit of his age, remarks in the *Ethics*¹⁶ that friendship is possible even with a slave, insofar as he is a human being. To most men of his time a slave was merely a chattel — a possession rather than a person. Cicero proved the truth of Aristotle's view. To Tiro he writes: *Tertiam ad te hanc epistulam scripsi eodem die.*¹⁷ And again: *Tu etiam atque etiam cura ut valeas, litterasque ad me mittas quotienscumque habebis cui des.*¹⁸

Other letters of particular interest are those which reveal his intimate friendship with Atticus, the series of letters to Trebatius, and the correspondence between Cicero and Caesar. Particularly revealing are the letters addressed to Cicero by Servius Sulpicius Rufus¹⁹, condoling with him on the death of Cicero's daughter Tullia in the year 45 B.C., and Cicero's reply.²⁰ *Nullus dolor est*

quem non longinquitas temporis minuat ac molliat, says his friend.²¹ And Cicero mournfully replies: *nec eum dolorem, quem de re publica capio, domus iam consolari potest nec domesticam res publica.*²² Two great lights of his life have been put out: Tullia is dead and the republic is dead. But he still has friends and he finds that *maius solacium adferre ratio nulla potest quam coniunctio consuetudinis sermonumque nostrorum*²³ — "the bonds of our companionship and conversation." Friends meant much to Cicero as long as he lived.

The letters that passed between Cicero and his wife Terentia shortly before they were divorced²⁴ would appear humorous, were it not for our knowledge of their approaching separation. Cicero's missives are curt, formal, and wholly lacking in affection. He appears particularly concerned about the appointments of a bath-room! *Labrum si in balineo non est, ut sit; item cetera quae sunt ad victum et ad valetudinem necessaria.* *Vale.*²⁵ This was written after an absence of almost two years — his period of exile. They were divorced a few months later. His rich young ward Publilia, whom Cicero married that same year, was sent back to her mother for rejoicing at the death of his daughter Tullia, of whom she was jealous. Tullia was the apple of Cicero's eye.

His only son, Marcus, was born in 65 B.C. *L. Iulio Caesare C. Marcio Figulo consulibus filiolo me auctum scito salva Terentia.*²⁶ Thus he writes, in mock annalistic style, to Atticus. The boy was a student at Athens when his sister died. Like young Horace — a fellow student at Plato's Academy — he enlisted in the army of the self-styled *liberatores* after the Ides of March 44 B.C.

Perhaps the most disgraceful note in the entire collection of letters is that which reads: *Tibi gratulor, mihi gaudeo; te amo, tua tueor; a te amari et quid agas quidque agatur certior fieri volo.*²⁷ It is addressed to a murderer, one of the assassins of Julius Caesar.

So Cicero reveals himself to us — his joys, his sorrows, his ambitions, his hopes, his fears — in his own words. Naturally he did not expect these letters to be published.

THE VERDICT OF POSTERITY

*Deflendus Cicero est Latinaeque silentia linguae,*²⁸ said Sextilius Ena in lamenting the great orator's passing: "Mourn for Cicero's death, and the silence of Latin speech." Later ages have confirmed this estimate of the chief contribution made by the orator — a contribution to world literature. He was a living voice, whose echoes may still be heard resounding from age to age.

The emperor Augustus, finding his daughter Julia's son reading a book written by Cicero, took the scroll from his hands read from it himself and said: "A wise man, my boy, a wise man, and a lover of his country."²⁹

Pliny the Younger liked to believe that his manner of writing resembled that of his great model in literature. And it is true that "in his smooth, copious fluency he is like his avowed master."³⁰ To quote from Pliny himself: *est enim, inquam, mihi cum Cicerone aemulatio, NEC sum contentus eloquentia saeculi nostri.*³¹ He, too, felt that Roman eloquence was buried in Cicero's tomb.

St. Jerome took his pagan books with him into the desert of Chalcis. "Miserable man that I was," he writes³², "I used to fast and then would read Cicero afterwards." Indeed, in his famous dream he heard the voice of the

Judge rebuke him in these terms: *Ciceronianus es, non Christianus*. So deep an impression had Tullius made upon him. Nor could he ever give up reading him. His style was formed by Cicero.

St. Augustine tells us³³ that Cicero's lost work, the *Hortensius*, helped convert him to Christianity. "Nor did it persuade me by its style," he says, "but by its content." The one thing he missed in the *Hortensius* was the name of Christ.³⁴

Petrarch calls Cicero "the fountain-head from which we draw life-giving waters for our meadows."³⁵ Declaring that he has been guided by Cicero, aided by his judgments, enlightened by his brilliance, he says finally: "it was under your auspices, so to speak, that I have gained this ability as a writer (such as it is), and that I have attained my purpose."³⁶

Cicero is chiefly remembered as the creator of the universal language — Latin — "the type of civilized expression." He has well been called "the bridge between the ancient and modern world" in prose.³⁷ The sheer volume of his extant literary remains is significant: 58 speeches, 800 letters, and about 2000 pages of philosophy and rhetoric.

Notable among the philosophical works is the remaining one third of the *De Re Publica* (inspired by Plato's *Republic*). Its most famous chapters are those commonly known as "Scipio's Dream", which was extracted from book six by Macrobius and published separately. The *Hortensius*, in which Cicero extolls philosophy — the work that so profoundly influenced St. Augustine — is unfortunately lost, except for a few fragments. The *De Legibus*, never completed, is reminiscent of *The Laws* of Plato. His famous essay on *Friendship* was perhaps inspired by the 8th and 9th books of Aristotle's *Ethics*, in which the same subject is discussed. This and his *De Senectute* are doubtless the two essays of Cicero most familiar to modern readers of the Classics. His other renowned treatises in the realm of philosophy include the *De Finibus*, the *Tusculan Disputations*, and the *De Natura Deorum* and its supplement the *De Divinatione*.

In his philosophy Cicero was not an adherent of any one school. He was eclectic, and deserves particular praise for making Greek a vital force in Roman life. As to his contribution in general, he "created forms of thought in which the life of philosophy grew, and a body of expression which alone made its growth in the Latin-speaking world possible."³⁸

His finished style may be seen in his work *De Oratore* — a subject on which he was eminently qualified to speak. In his *Brutus* he offers a critique of Greek and Roman orators — including himself! In the *Orator* or *De Optimo Genere Dicendi* he seeks to present a picture of the finished speaker.

Ancient criticisms of Cicero's poetry are unfavorable, nor has our own time been more generous in praise. He defends his famous line ("*Illud autem optimum est*"):

Cedant arma togae, concedat laurea laudi

which he confesses has caused the malicious and the envious to carp at him!³⁹ Yet Plutarch, speaking of Cicero's early poetry, declares⁴⁰ that he was the best poet of his time until bards of greater brilliance — notably Lucretius and Catullus — surpassed him. His most

notable production was a translation into Latin of the Greek poem *Phaenomena* by Aratus. We may note in passing that it is from Aratus that St. Paul quotes when he says⁴¹ "as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring." So St. Jerome informs us:⁴² *Aratum testem vocat: ipsius enim et genus sumus* — then citing the Greek original. It is perhaps significant that some of Cicero's poetic lines were long attributed to Accius — at whose verse we do not carp.

Even Asinius Pollio declares that it is vain — a work of supererogation — to speak in praise of the genius and the industry of one who left for the ages so many great works: *Huius ergo viri tot tantisque operibus mansuris in omne aevum praedicare de ingenio atque industria supervacuum est*.⁴³ We are inclined to echo his wish that Cicero might have borne prosperity with more moderation and adversity with greater fortitude: *utinam modestius secundas res et fortius adversas ferre potuisset!*⁴⁴

Perhaps there is a certain timeliness in a letter Petrarch addressed to Cicero. "The fame of your deeds is very great," he says, "your name has a familiar ring to all. But very few and rare are those that study you."⁴⁵ This was not always the case.

St. Jerome has preserved for us a notable eulogy addressed to the great Roman orator: *Demosthenes tibi praeripuit ne esses primus orator, tu illi ne solus*.⁴⁶

Why, we ask, did this distinguished orator and man of letters forsake a dignified leisure, leaving home and friends to participate in affairs of state? The same question might be asked regarding the father of our country: Why did George Washington leave the peaceful delights of Mount Vernon again to give ear to war's alarms and then to political invective and abuse? Hear Cicero's reply: "I might have led a quiet life" — *Licuit esse otioso . . . mihi* — he says,⁴⁷ "but somehow there is inherent in men's minds a sort of premonition of ages to come." He is referring, I think, to that "spur" which Milton⁴⁸ terms "That last infirmity of noble mind" — a desire for remembrance, for fame in future generations which (says Cicero⁴⁹) "is strongest and most evident in men of the greatest genius and the loftiest spirit."⁵⁰ Cicero earned his title of *Pater patriae* by his sacrificial devotion to his native land.

In his essay *De Officiis*, his last contribution to literature, Cicero says: *Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, propinqui, familiares, sed omnes omnium caritates patria una complexa est, pro qua quis bonus dubitet mortem oppetere, si ei sit profuturus?*⁵¹ He showed his sincerity by his final act.

¹Juvenal 10, 122. ²In Cat. 1, 1. ³In Cat. 2, 1. ⁴In Cat. 3, 1. ⁵In Cat. 4, 11, 24. ⁶Pro Archia 7, 16. ⁷Ad Fam. 14, 4, 1. ⁸Ad Att. 4, 1, 5. ⁹Ad Att. 4, 1, 6. ¹⁰Pro Plancio 26, 65; see also Plutarch's Cicero 6. ¹¹Ad Fam. 2, 11, 2. ¹²So Allen and Greenough, Select Orations of Cicero (1893), p. 236. ¹³Seneca Rhetor, Suasoria 6, 17. ¹⁴Petrarch, Ep. Fam. 24, 3. ¹⁵I.e. ¹⁶Aristotle, Ethics 8, 11, 7. ¹⁷Ad Fam. 16, 6. ¹⁸Ad Fam. 16, 11. ¹⁹Ad Fam. 4, 5. ²⁰Ad Fam. 4, 6. ²¹Ad Fam. 4, 5, 6. ²²Ad Fam. 4, 6, 2. ²³Ad Fam. 4, 6, 3. ²⁴See Ad Fam. 14, 12; 14, 19; 14, 17; 14, 8; 14, 11; 14, 15; 14, 20. ²⁵Ad Fam. 14, 20. ²⁶Ad Att. 1, 2, 1. ²⁷Ad Fam. 6, 15. ²⁸Seneca Rhetor, Suasoria 6, 27. ²⁹Plutarch, Cicero 49. ³⁰So J. H. Westcott, Pliny's Letters (1899), xxvii. ³¹Ep. 1, 5, 12. ³²Ep. 22, 30. ³³Confessions 3, 4, 7. ³⁴Ibid. 3, 4, 8. ³⁵Fam. 24, 4. ³⁶Ibid. ³⁷So J. W. Mackail, Latin Literature (1909), 62. ³⁸Ibid., 74. ³⁹De Officiis 1, 22, 77. ⁴⁰Plutarch, Cicero 2. ⁴¹Acts 17, 28. ⁴²Ep. 70, 2, 2. ⁴³Seneca Rhetor, Suasoria 6, 24. ⁴⁴I.e. ⁴⁵Fam. 24, 4. ⁴⁶Ep. 52, 8. ⁴⁷Tusculanae Disputationes 1, 15, 33. ⁴⁸Lycidas 71. ⁴⁹I.e. ⁵⁰So J. E. King, Loeb Library trans. ⁵¹De Officiis 1, 57.

The Classical Bulletin

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In Memoriam: Father James A. Kleist, S.J.

1873 - 1949

About a year ago, Professor Charles C. Mierow, while preparing a talk on past leaders in classical scholarship, wrote to Father James A. Kleist of St. Louis University and asked him for information on some of the outstanding Catholic teachers of the classics. In reply, Father Kleist singled out for special praise Caspar Harzheim, S.J., who many years ago taught at Campion College, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. Father Harzheim was considered so successful by Father Kleist because he "possessed the principal requirements of a teacher: knowledge and the gift to impart it to others . . . The dominant trait of his character was unbending energy, thoroughness and consistency . . . He entered deeply into the genius of the Classical languages and thus he acquired a mastery and elegance of Latin . . . rarely met with." From this description it is easy to gather that Father Harzheim was a model and an inspiration to Father Kleist. One wonders if Father Kleist realized how perfectly these same words of encomium could have been applied to himself.

Father Kleist was born seventy-six years ago, on April 4, 1873, in Hindenburg, Silesia. In due course he completed his elementary, secondary, and college education, and thereupon made the resolve to enter the Society of Jesus. Since the Society had been suppressed in Germany, he was obliged to journey to Blyenbeck, Holland, to make his novitiate. He was eighteen years and four days old at the time of his entrance. After finishing the courses in humanities and philosophy, he came to the United States in 1897 to spend five years of teaching, a regular assignment in the training of every Jesuit scholastic. During four of these years he lectured on humanities to his younger brethren at a scholasticate located near Cleveland.

In 1902 he proceeded to St. Louis University to begin his theological studies, and was ordained to the priesthood by His Eminence, the late John Cardinal Glennon, on June 28, 1905. After his course in theology was concluded, he returned to Europe for a year's concentrated study of theoretical and practical asceticism at Valkenburg, Holland. In 1907 he once again sailed for America, and taught for periods of varying length at Omaha, Prairie du Chien, and Cleveland. He meanwhile pursued

his studies in the classics and received from St. Louis University his A. B. in 1914, A. M. in 1917, and Ph. D. in 1919. A year's leave of absence was granted him in 1926-1927, and he spent this in the study of *Koine* Greek at the University of Berlin. From 1928 until the time of his death he was numbered among the faculty of St. Louis University.

He assumed editorship of the CLASSICAL BULLETIN in October, 1925, while still teaching at John Carroll University in Cleveland. The publication had been started as a private undertaking of the Missouri Province Jesuits who were deeply interested in the classics; but in 1928, at the suggestion of several of his friends, Father Kleist decided to offer subscriptions to the general public.

It would be next to impossible to estimate the amount of time he spent in editing the BULLETIN. This work, so close to his heart, entailed during the twenty years of his editorship an enormous correspondence, long hours of proof-reading, and many precious moments spent in checking those thousands of details which are part and parcel of the burden every editor bears. His numerous editorials and articles revealed a discerning appreciation of the place the classics deserve in Christian humanistic culture, and an exact and painstaking scholarship. He also contributed articles of a scholarly character, pertaining for the most part to problems of Scriptural translation, to such journals as *The Catholic Biblical Quarterly*, *The Classical Journal*, *Homiletic and Pastoral Review*, and *American Ecclesiastical Review*.

An ordinary person would consider editing and teaching quite sufficient for a full day's occupation, but Father Kleist husbanded his time so sedulously that he was able to find spare moments during which to gather material for several books of lasting merit. Besides the compilation and translation of a number of volumes on Latin and Greek grammar and composition, he published (in 1936) an English translation of St. Mark's Gospel. During his later years he prepared four volumes which will undoubtedly stand as his most significant contributions. Two of these have already been published as part of a new library of Patristic literature known as *Ancient Christian Writers*. The first contains an annotated translation of *The Epistles of St. Clement of Rome and St. Ignatius of Antioch*; and the second is made up of *The Didache*, *The Epistle of Barnabas*, *The Epistles and the Martyrdom of Polycarp*, *The Fragments of Papias*, *The Epistle to Diognetus*. Two other volumes — a translation of the new Latin Psalms, and a translation of the four Gospels, — are now in the hands of the publisher. These books, together with his classical and scriptural articles, show that Father Kleist was equally conversant with the important literature of ancient pagan and early Christian times.

Those who were privileged to live with Father Kleist in the Jesuit Community at St. Louis University, were daily witnesses of the extraordinary regularity of his life. In the morning he was up with the chickens, so to speak, and for years regularly said Mass at 5 o'clock. During the last few years he began his Mass even earlier, about 4:30. On three mornings of the week, beginning at about 6 o'clock, he heard confessions at the College Church for close to three hours, and many souls in St. Louis can testify today to the apt spiritual direction they received from him.

His study habits, as part of his daily order, were regulated with an almost extreme precision. Never a minute to lose. Outside the door of his private room there hung for years a little sign: "Office hours, 7:30 - 7:45 A.M." Though his fellow Jesuits were endlessly amused by the naivete thus displayed, for Father Kleist it was quite a serious matter, and served as notification to the world in general that he had no time to waste. One could, of course, secure appointments with him for discussing class work, subject matter for theses, and the like, but when the business had been settled, one instinctively realized that it was time to go.

Both in teaching and in private study his attitude was serious, and even intense. In his classes, however, this attitude did not generate nervousness or tension in his students because he was able to display a pleasantness of manner, and to inject an occasional bit of humor into his lectures. During the first few classes of each semester it was invariably a source of laughter to see the "beadle" of the class carry into the classroom a portable bookshelf loaded with books, which Father required for reference during his lectures. In several of his classes, in order to make sure that his students were following his lectures and doing the required reading, he demanded an extraordinary number of papers, — a weekly summary of the lectures, a semester term paper, a quarterly term paper, and a mid-quarterly term paper. No doubt the book store did good business those years.

In appearance he was quite short of stature, but strongly and somewhat stockily built. His demeanor was serious, but also genuinely modest; as he walked the corridors, his eyes were invariably cast down. He was regularly present at the periods set aside for community recreation, and at such times joined in pleasant conversation and discussion with his brethren.

During the last few weeks of his life, his illness prevented him from pursuing his studies and spiritual duties, and for several days he was in a coma. Toward the very end, however, he regained consciousness and wrote a touching note of gratitude to the Father Minister of the University, thanking him for his thoughtfulness and care; he told the nursing sister who attended him not to deliver the note until after his death. He passed away on April 28, 1949.

His character and most productive life have been aptly summed up in the two words — *Christian scholar*. A very simple title indeed, but we cannot soon expect to find another who will wear it so humbly and so deservedly. *Requiescat in pace.*

F. J. G.

Friends of the BULLETIN who have read the obituary of Father Kleist may recall some little incident in his life, some remark he made, some bit of wisdom from his correspondence which may be worth sharing with other readers. We shall be happy to publish these brief tributes to the memory of one who has well merited the title *doctor classicus, vere Christianus*. But these notes must be sent us as soon as possible.

Doctor Classicus, Vere Christianus

At the meeting of the Classical Club of Saint Louis on April 6, 1946, two days after Father Kleist's seventy-third birthday, a volume of essays was presented to him in his honor.* The esteem then showed him is sincerely expressed in the verses of one long and closely associated with him, which were printed at the head of the book. The tribute is well worth repetition.

Cui dones, rogitas, novum libellum
Doctorem, Hercule, lumina afferentem?

Jacobo comiti fideli amoris
Pignus tradere munus hoc volebant
Collegae quibus et laboris ille et
Exemplum fuit usque suavitatis.

Quare acceptum habeas pium libellum
Votis et precibus tibi dicatum,
Doctor classicus, vere Christiane!
Ad plures maneat, precamur, annos.

**Classical Essays Presented to James A. Kleist, S.J.*, Edited with Introduction by Richard E. Arnold, S.J., THE CLASSICAL BULLETIN, Saint Louis University. 1946.

We are sorry to have to inform our readers that Father Francis A. Preuss has not been able to assume the editorship of THE CLASSICAL BULLETIN this year. Shortly before completing the final issue of last year, he fell ill. Because of his illness the promised twenty-five year index to the BULLETIN was delayed. The index is now in the press and will be ready by the time this issue reaches our readers.

It had been hoped that Father Preuss would be ready to resume CB's editorship this year; but his convalescence has been slow. As eager as we are to have him back with us, we would all sooner have him back well than have him back soon. We send him Cicero's message to his faithful friend: *Omnes cupimus quam primum te videre, sed valentem. Quare nihil properaris; satis cito te viderimus, si valebis.*

C. T. H.

The Honorable Secretary of the Classical Journals Board, Trinity College, Cambridge, has asked us to inform our readers that the Classical Association of England has decided to put an end to the publication of *The Year's Work in Classical Studies*. This bibliography which had appeared annually from 1908, was necessarily suspended on the outbreak of World War II. The Association feels that the purpose of the *Year's Work* is being amply fulfilled by the more complete *Année Philologique*.

As a swan-song, however, the Association promises to issue two volumes to cover the period 1939-1947. During those years many classical scholars had to give their attention to matters of more immediate urgency, while others were unable to keep in touch with foreign literature. It is hoped that these two volumes will be useful in giving such scholars a handy conspectus of the more important publications in the chief fields of classical study during that period.

According to the London Times Literary Supplement for July 8, 1949 (page 449), the first of these two volumes has already appeared. Unfortunately *The Year's Work in Classical Studies 1939-1945* is already two years behind the French *Année Philologique*.

C. T. H.

Divine Providence in Demosthenes, Cicero, and Vergil

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It is well to compare the political ideas of those three great figures of classical antiquity, Demosthenes, Cicero, and Vergil, in order to see under a new light the broad scope of their respective views, their own broad vision, their altruism. Such a comparison would lead us to the strange conclusion that in no one of these points does the apparently contemplative poet of the *Aeneid* suffer by comparison with the other two who seem to have been more truly controllers of their countries' destinies. And the reason for this is, possibly, that Vergil experienced, so much more than they, a certain supramundane inspiration.

Cicero and Demosthenes, it is true, gave themselves tirelessly to the cause of their country's liberty — even to the sacrifice of their lives. But at the same time their heroic deaths did, in neither case, fully coincide with the consummation of God's own plan. For Greece was not destined to conquer Macedon and retain its independence; and Rome was not destined to retain its republican form of government, under which it had begun the conquest of the entire then known world.

Greece had a mission towards humanity, but it was not to be brought to completion by herself. The Roman Republic, too, had its mission; but it was not to reach its culmination until Rome had been changed to an empire. Greece, however gifted with intellectual brilliance, had no instinct for unity, none of that practical spirit for organization, consolidation. Further, a democratic Rome would have degenerated from the purity of its primitive institutions and from the spirit of its ancient heroes; whereas it was destined to conserve in being, rule by its humanizing regime, and civilize the countries that it conquered. The treasures of philosophy and art and science had been accumulated in the exuberant fertility of the Greek mind; but control over them had to be delivered from the hands of rapacious tyrants in order that they might be preserved and spread through the hands of others. And if the work of pacification which Providence had intrusted to Rome was not to remain incomplete, the wild criminal abuses of political liberty had to be repressed with an iron hand. It was necessary that a single man, capable of staving off total ruin, should abolish all democratic powers and assume them all himself in the service of Rome and the world.

Now to bring about these cosmic changes in the histories of Greece and Rome, Providence raised up four figures, of equally great stature, Philip, Alexander, Caesar, and Augustus. Philip and Alexander were to spread the Hellenic culture throughout the world; Caesar and Augustus were to be the founders of that Roman Empire which was to form, in its turn, the whole of western civilization. Philip and Caesar were to be the precursors (unequal, it is true, in merit, but equally effective in action) of that great work which was finally to be brought to completion by their successors, Alexander and Augustus.

Now these two designs of Providence were opposed by

Demosthenes and Cicero. They did not, and could not, understand its working. And they are not only freed of any guilt for having opposed the divine plan because their convictions proceeded from ignorance, but they have a right to positive praise for the reason that they defended a cause, which, excluding extraordinary foreknowledge of the future, they were bound in conscience as true patriots to defend. In the case of Demosthenes and his declared war upon Philip and Alexander, there was an obligation springing from national honor and the very independence of the Greek state; in the case of Cicero and Caesar and the rising young heir of Caesar's imperialistic ideas, the obligation sprang from the established authority of the already existing form of government. No other method of procedure could have been imagined by the citizen of Athens and the statesman of Rome. They could not temporize with a foreign invasion, or with a threatened return of monarchy. So long as the divine plans were not revealed to them, their opposition was in both cases a duty.

But this does not change the fact that the ideals of Cicero and Demosthenes were not really constructive ones. Although their stubborn resistance might be considered as a splendid example of real patriotism, yet they were not actually laboring for the greater good of all mankind.

In several eloquent passages of the *De Corona*, Demosthenes enlarges on his idea of the duties of the people's counsellor: "For discerning the trend of events at the outset, for forecasting results, for warning others."¹ There he reveals at once the undeniable merits as well as the shortsighted limitations of his position. Demosthenes understood, and fought for, as no one else, the individual interests of Athens against Philip. But most probably he never rose to a more universal consideration of his position. To save Athens' prestige, to assure its independence, to recover for it, if possible, the hegemony of Greece — such were the predominant ideals of his life and continual struggle. But we would look in vain for any greater aim in all this than the glorification of his country for itself, and only because it was his country, without any further vision of the great benefits which were to redound to other peoples. And though Demosthenes does justly merit a place among the world's great minds, yet this limitation is obviously one of his great deficiencies.

Cicero, with wider breadth of vision, had some intimation of Rome's great mission and tried to comprehend its magnificent work of civilization in all its grandeur. But Cicero was too deeply attached to the republican form of government. He had too clear a picture of that greatest glory of his life, his consulship, when he received that honorary title, *pater patriae*; too clear a picture to allow him to think of a Rome that was not a Rome of consular offices. Faced with the alarming shipwreck of that form of government, and the inevitable abortion of those spurious ambitions of the Republic's closing years, Cicero vacillated, unable to cast his decision in favor of a Pompey without power, or a Caesar who was aspiring for a throne. Cicero's political life which had seen so bright a zenith, went down amid bloody clouds overhanging a sorrowful setting.

For Vergil Providence reserved a more quiet, but yet a more magnificent destiny. His own personal actions did not at all, even materially, interfere with the course of events as designed by Divine Wisdom. He conformed to it with extraordinary fidelity. The empire, despite its own lamentable shortcomings, despite the terrible abuses that accompanied its foundation, really was an integral part of the divine economy of the redemption. In a world pacified by its imperial laws there was to be promulgated the "good news" of another peace-making of a more transcendent order, the Peace of heaven and earth. And from the very outset Vergil was on the side of the Empire without the slightest vacillation. Long before the victory at Actium, he had seen in Augustus the man of destiny, called to save the world from political chaos and to give to the great family of the world the peace they had so yearned for. And this was to be a prelude to that other peace, incomparably more precious and permanent, the peace which was the real though unconscious aspiration of all mankind.

From this grand concept of imperialistic Rome, Vergil drew, with loyal, undiminished enthusiasm, all he could of its nobility and largess, all in it that made for the peace and progress of the world. And from this large conception was sketched the magnificent program in eternal poetry, which was to become the battle-cry of the Empire:

pacisque imponere morem
parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.²

The most wonderful part about this conception is the majestic breadth of horizon which the poet embraces. Together with the noble sentiment that he feels for his own native land, his village and his farm, he unites a manly devotion to the Empire and the proud glory of its great future. And in his love for imperial Rome he includes all of Italy, proclaiming the beginning of that indissoluble union between a powerful trunk, as it were, and the enormous roots that are its sustenance:

sit romana potens Italia virtute propage.³

And this love for Italian Rome and Roman Italy Vergil elevates with intimations of a most laudably universal nature. The *imperium Romanum* is not necessarily an institution of an egotistic glory. Its beneficial effects were to transcend the entire world. The triumphal return of Augustus, weighed down with booty from the East, was to be the beginning of a universal peace:

hunc tu olim caelo spoliis Orientis onustum
accipies secura; vocabitur hic quoque votis.
aspera tum positis mitescent saecula bellis.⁴

Thus the political conception of Vergil coincided with the real interests of Rome as well as the entire world. The ideal that he cherished has changed, it is true, but accidentally only: for the same fundamental aspiration continues even now to motivate mankind. Hence Vergil seems more vital to us even than Demosthenes or Cicero.

The objection might be raised that Vergil was in a far different position from that of the other two defenders of civil liberty, Demosthenes and Cicero; that what they had to combat were changes which they could not honestly countenance, while all Vergil had to do was

ally himself with an already acceptable political transformation; that they sacrificed themselves for a cause which they thought was just, however untrue that might have been in reality, whereas Vergil had merely to avail himself of a political system in which he found all he desired: peace, tranquillity, leisure for his literary work, even prestige and wealth.

But all this has merely the semblance of truth rather than the actuality. It is true that Vergil's lot was a much more pleasant one than that of the two orators; that God granted him to be witness and poet of a glorious dawn, while the other two had to watch the pitiful setting, as it were, of two brilliant suns. It is true that they had to fight; but it is not likewise true to say that Vergil did not have to fight as well. Though theirs was a struggle of opposition, his was a struggle of reconstruction; a struggle more pleasant and more fruitful, it is true, but no less laborious. And as for the peace and the benefits that he found in the cause for which he fought, we ought to see in all of this a manifestation of that divine providence which would bless the poet's transcendent mission. As I have said once before:

When we consider the complexus of circumstances which had an influence on his work, I mean the poet's country, the time of his birth, the hardship of his early years, the friendship he enjoyed with Augustus — he, an unimportant provincial, with the lord of Rome and the whole world —, the stimulus he received from the great, from the common people and even from his own rivals; we see that all this, even to the material affluence in which after a brief period of duress he passed his life, even to his inveterate diffidence, which was misunderstood by his own contemporaries and was thought to be an indication of meanness and humble origin; the frequent indispositions he suffered because of poor health and a constitution fitted only for intellectual activity — all this in one way or another contributed to the wealth of his poetry, helped to inspire him, enabled him to dedicate himself totally to the promotion of his art with an ease and wholeheartedness that was extraordinary. It was just as if God, without Whose consent moves not a leaf on a tree, wished to show His deliberate will to concur with all necessary means, and to remove all obstacles, to the end that in peace and serenity, freed from the destructive accompaniments of crude abuses, and endowed with little more than the beneficent goad of an internal sorrow, this genius might proceed by the path of light, and that mystical poetry might pour forth, as if upon it there were to depend some great good, the grand scope of which only the course of centuries was to make manifest.⁵

The transcendent effect of Vergil's poetry was to be, for the pagan world, a remote preparation for an assimilation of the change that was to take place through the Gospel; for the Christian world, it was to remain as a synthesis of all the goodness, all the excellence that human nature could produce of itself, prior to its elevation to the supernatural order. Dante understood that when he put Vergil among the great men of all time, pagan as well as Christian, and made him the prototype of the natural man in choosing him as his guide amid the various stages of his journey through Hell and Purgatory, till he arrived at the gates of Paradise — which only grace and faith could open to justified man.

¹De Corona 246 (C. A. and J. H. Vince in Loeb tr.); see also 189-191.
²Aen. 6.852-3. ³Ibid. 12.827. ⁴Ibid. 1.289-291. ⁵Aurelio Espinosa Polít, S.J., *Virgilio el Poeta y su Mision Providencial*, Quito, Editorial Ecuatoriana, 1932, pp. 262-3.

Children in Ancient Literature

JOHN J. SAVAGE
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There may appear to be something paradoxical in the juxtaposition of the two elements in the subject matter of this paper.¹ On the contrary if we examine closely and reflect at some length on the content of the great literatures of the classical ages, this conjunction of youth and age seems to strike the imagination somewhat after the fashion of a novel discovery. The realization comes upon us that the characters in classical myth, epic and drama which move us most are precisely the characters of the tender or valiant young. By 'young' is meant of course not only *infantes* but also *pueri puellaeque*.

The most celebrated picture of mother and child from ancient poetry is one by the Greek poet Simonides. This may well be called a lullaby. Danae, the mother of the child Perseus, laments the fate of herself and her infant cast on the friendless sea with nothing but a brass-bound chest between them and the deep: "In the darkness of night without a star, the salt spray of the wave that passes wets thy soft hair, but thou dost not heed nor hear wind moan, lying there in the purple coverlet with thy fair face close-tressed . . . I bid thee sleep, and may the sea sleep too, sleep too my unwonted sorrow."

In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts there is a beautiful fifth-century vase on which some ancient artist has drawn for us Danae and Perseus, mother and child. They are both watching a carpenter putting the finishing touches to the finely-wrought chest which is to be their protection against the storm. One may observe that artists had not yet learned the technique of depicting accurately the chubby forms of little children. There is a certain naturalness, however, in the way the child is represented, pointing his tiny hand, without concern, in the direction of the chest and the craftsman's tools. Lucretius, who has given us such poignant pictures of children coming 'into the shores of light', has given us this characteristic gesture in one pregnant line (5.1031):

Cum facit ut digito quae sint praesentia monstrent.

The most characteristic actions of a baby everywhere are in fact two. The artist — and the poet — have shown us one, the chubby hands outstretched, pointing at some admired object. Catullus describes this act of the child Torquatus, but he adds a feature which is just as notable, the smile with half-open lips (61.216):

Torquatus volo parvulus
Matris e gremio suae
Porrigens teneras manus
Dulce rideat ad patrem
Semihante labello.

These are not the only references to very little children in ancient literature. From the fifth-century poet Pindar who has composed so many odes celebrating the victories in athletic contests of young men in the flower of their youth, there is extant a fragment of a beautiful lullaby. The child's cradle, like that of the child in the fourth Eclogue of Virgil, is festooned with flowers. The infant Iamus lay hidden in an impenetrable bower, his delicate body steeped in the yellow and deep purple rays of flowers. This is a typical Pindaric picture (*Ol.* 6.54) ex-

pressionistic and impressionistic at the same time. The obverse of these happy domestic scenes is found in Virgil's fifth Eclogue: a mother embracing the body of her dead child (5.22-23):

Cum complexa sui corpus miserabile nati
atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia mater.

The childhood of Apollo and Hermes was a favorite theme with the Greek poets. So in a scene strangely in keeping with what Virgil later depicted in the fourth Eclogue, Philostratus describes a painting of the child Hermes lying in his cradle over which the Hours scatter the most beautiful flowers of the various seasons (*Imagines* I, 26.2). In Euripides (*Iphig. Taur.*, 1249-50) we have a similar scene of mother and child, with interesting details. The child Apollo appeals to Zeus for help against the python. The poet dwells fondly on the incident: the infant winds his baby hands around the throne of Zeus who laughed at the child's daring.

For another cradle song we turn to the third-century bucolic poet Theocritus. Alcmena has bathed her twin infants, Hercules and Iphiclus, and has laid them on a bronze shield which served as a cradle. Then she sang to her children (24.7):

Sleep, my babes, and sweetly dream,
Sleep, my sweet, and do not be affright:
Happy your awakening in the dim morning gleam.

These infants were not always so quiet. How eagerly sport lovers of yore must have devoured the accounts of Hercules' infancy! We are told that when he was just able to creep he strangled two snakes who were on the point of killing him and his baby brother. The child Hercules had his counterpart in the infant Hermes who grew to be a goodly youth in the brief space of six days. With Hermes was associated the child Apollo in the well-known folk-tale in which the latter's cattle were stolen so adroitly by the doughty Hermes. This incident easily lent itself to burlesque treatment as in the *Ichneutae* of Sophocles.

The playful antics of children, heroic or divine, lead one to inquire into the theme of their various physical activities as recorded by the writers of classical antiquity. What did the little tots play with? Several of the epigrams in that famous collection known as the *Greek Anthology* record the familiar toys of children of those days. We read of gayly-colored balls for both boys and girls. Boys played also with rattles of boxwood. Besides the bright colored balls just mentioned — and presumably the rattles too — girls had musical instruments somewhat like our tambourines and of course dolls galore.

Since the poets and prose writers tell us too little about the play activities of tiny children, we shall have to advance the age limit of "childhood", as we said before, to include boys and girls in and around the middle 'teens. However there are two delightful pictures of tiny tots at play which should detain us for a moment before proceeding to the larger subject.

In the *Iliad* (22.502) Astyanax is depicted as a child who, tired from play, runs to the arms of his mother. Homer also is responsible for the most striking and most natural picture of a child at play (*Iliad* 15.361-64) to be

found, perhaps, in the whole range of ancient literature. Here he presents us with a fascinating simile, showing intimate knowledge of a familiar scene. Apollo, we are told, leveled the Greek ramparts of Troy as a child might build a castle in the sand — "then playfully in a moment with his tiny hands and feet he destroys it." Many centuries will pass by before another epic poet, writing in another tongue, will give us an equally delightful picture of a little child, this time not playing in the sand, but in the thick grass. In his *Thebaid* Statius gives us just such a picture (4.787). The child is depicted as creeping in the tall grass in the direction of his nurse. As he creeps his baby lips struggle to form words: *Et teneris meditans verba inluctantia labris*. But these same children eventually grow up, their interests changing with the years. Statius in the same poem (9.877f.) tells the pathetic story of a youngster who weeps at the death of his pet pony. The boy was interested in the sport of kings.

Who does not know of the achievements of the famous girl runner, Atalanta? Ovid relates her story in his usually graphic manner. She was celebrated both for her beauty and for her speed of foot. Her admirers were very numerous. Atalanta's father had made it hard for all contenders for his daughter's hand. It was part of the bargain that whoever failed to win a race against her would lose his life. She noticed that one of the contestants was younger than her other suitors — just a boy, in fact. A bright golden apple dropped at an opportune moment by Hippomanes distracted the girl's attention. Atalanta lost the race but won Hippomanes.

One need not confine oneself to Greek legend for lore on the subject of athletic maidens. Virgil tells a highly colorful story of a warrior maid named Camilla. Her father trained her to a life of Spartan simplicity. We are told that when she was a tiny infant her father accomplished the feat of throwing his child across a stream tied securely to the stout shaft of her father's spear. This stands as the most marvelous feat of river-crossing of all time!

Virgil calls Camilla "the glory of Italy" (*decus Italiae*) and Virgil's great admirer Dante includes her among the great Italian patriots:

For whose fair realm, Camilla, as they tell,
Nisus, Euryalus and Turnus fell.

Camilla did not have a mother's fostering care. She was, we are informed, unaccustomed to such household tasks as the art of weaving. In martial exercises, however, she became expert under her father's guidance. Camilla was so fleet of foot that — if we are to believe the story — she could speed over a corn field without touching the stalks. Maidens and men admired her prowess. She would save her country from a foreign invader like Saint Joan of Arc in later days. Her father wandered, an exile, fleeing his enemies. He dressed his child in the skins of tigers to protect her from the cold of winter. Instead of the customary toys of other girls, her playthings were spears, javelins and arrows. Her athletic figure was the envy of all mothers who had marriageable daughters or wished to have them. Like Atalanta she could not resist objects of brilliant color. Instead of a golden apple, the dazzling hues of a soldier's uniform were to seal the fate of the

warrior-maid Camilla. Virgil describes her foe's resplendent armour and his steed's magnificent covering of cloth of gold. His helmet and bow were made of gold:

Saffron-colored was his scarf and folds of linen uprose,
Embroidered his tunic with yellow gold and e'en his very hose.

The maid had never seen such splendor. She fancied herself decked out in all this magnificence. Away with last year's tiger skin! She was as eager for the latest styles as any 'teen age girl is today.

Alas! Camilla's passion for new garments brought about her ruin. Her opponent, who was a seer (*vates*) as well as a warrior, disclaimed in a prayer to Apollo all thoughts of dire revenge — although many a warrior had died at her hands, Camilla could not ward off her enemy's spear. She was too entranced with the magnificence of his uniform. Mortally wounded she fell from her steed into the arms of her followers. Her protectress the goddess Diana, however, did not leave her death unavenged.

Camilla was an heroic maiden like another Italian girl named Cloelia who belonged to what might be called the maquis or the underground in those far-off days. Por-senna, an Etruscan tyrant, was at that time despot of Rome. Virgil describes how the Romans rushed to arms for freedom's sake (*pro libertate ruebant*) when the tyrant was in the act of hemming in the city in preparation for a siege. While Horatius, the hero so celebrated in Macaulay's ballad, destroyed the bridge, Cloelia escaped by swimming across the Tiber in order to carry information to her friends. Her statue was afterwards erected in Rome's renowned *Sacra Via*. It was of heroic proportions. She was represented as riding a spirited steed.

Then there was the lovely maid Lavinia who, like Helen of Troy, — a younger and more innocent Helen — inadvertently caused friction between the Latins and the Trojans. It was predicted that she would be glorious in fame and fortune, yet to her people she boded a mighty war. The Roman epic poet gives us a slight inkling of her appearance. We hear of her lovely eyes (*Aen.* 11.480). Her complexion is described in another passage as like the color of Indian ivory or of white lilies. Her hair is depicted in a way which would either suggest blonde (*crines flavos*) or (*crines floeos*) flower-like (*Aen.* 12.605-606). Elsewhere her cheeks are described as of roseate hue. Such was the Italian Helen.

From martial scenes like these let us turn to landscapes where peace and plenty reign.

The Latin poets are not without recording the innocent ways of little children. Lucretius describes their fear of darkness. This was before the introduction in the modern world of the recommendations urged by child psychologists. The weird tales of ancient nurses were no doubt responsible for these childish fears. The same poet records the babbling speech of little children of his day and the babe's fondness for the time-honored rattle. As we have already noted, the infant then as now pointed with his fingers when he wanted anything within his view. There is a freshness and intimacy about this that is as fascinating as it is unexpected. Children then as always had to be induced to take bitter medicine by putting a layer of deceptive sweetness in the glass. The

most natural picture of all, it seems to me, is Lucretius' vivid description of children in play spinning on their heels round and round until they fall dizzy on the floor: everything in the room spins with them, pictures, columns and even ceiling (4.408):

Atwist are the rooms, the columns awry
To the children's eyes at the end of their play
In fear lest the walls tumble down, down as they lie!

The Epicurean poet for all his dourness and his criticism of the fashionable life of his day, seems to have had a soft place in his heart for little children. Unlike many poets who have written about childhood, ancient and modern, he had real experience, it seems likely, of children in his own household.

It is a far cry from these simple domestic scenes to the starker drama of the Greeks in which young boys and girls often play the leading parts. Who can ever forget the heroic devotion of the Greek maiden, Antigone, in Sophocles' play? Her sisterly loyalty led her to face danger from the hands of her brother's enemies. Not all the youthful characters however in Greek drama were like Antigone or Orestes in their heroic adherence to the call of duty. There are gentler souls presented like the young boy Ion in the drama of Euripides. The lonely boy sweeping the steps of Apollo's temple amidst the magnificent scenery of Delphi touches the reader's heart at the very opening of the play.

Such dramatic situations involving children occur frequently in ancient literature. There is Niobe's most pathetic attempt to shield her last and youngest daughter (*unam minimamque*) from the arrows of Apollo and Artemis (Ovid *Met.* 6.299). With Astyanax's future fate in mind, who can read without emotion Homer's description of the parting of Hector and Andromache with its real touch of nature. Any infant would have been terrified by such a formidable plumed helmet (*Iliad* 6.390f.). A much more tragic situation is presented by Medea's two children uttering appealing cries for mercy behind the scenes in Euripides' play. In the ninth book of the *Aeneid* two noble youths, Nisus and Euryalus (aged 16 and 14 respectively), will by their comradeship and loyalty always win our hearts.

These are a few of the many examples of the role given to childhood and youth in ancient literature. All great literature has room for youth as well as age. After all, with Homer as the source and inspiration of Graeco-Roman literature, we could not expect that later writers would neglect what the Maeonian bard has stamped on their imagination for all time. In one book of the *Iliad* alone (18.534f.) Homer presents a kaleidoscopic array of boys and girls at work and play in his description of the relief work on the shield of Hephaestus. All the customary youthful activities are here: the dance, music, song and the gathering of fruit in the autumn. The primary characteristics of youth are revealed to us in many of the acts of Achilles. He would not, however, admit his failings as readily as did prudent Antilochus addressing his elder (*Iliad* 18.589):

Thyself knowest what way a young man erreth,
For his spirit is hastier far and flighty his counsel.

But this is not the end. There are hosts of others: Virgil's shepherd boys, his Iulus, Pallas and Icarus,

Homer's Nausicaa and her playmates, Martial's Erotion, Pliny's Marcella — a goodly company, *memoria dignissimi dignissimaque*.

¹Cf. W. B. Sedgwick, "Babes in Ancient Literature" in *Nineteenth Century* CIV (1928), 374f.; H. E. Wedeck, "Affection for Children among the Romans", *Class. Weekly* XXII (1929), 193f.; Isabelle Fowkes, "The Camilla Episode, a Miniature Epic," *Class. Bull.* XIII (1936), 1-3.

Book Review

An Index to Aristotle, by Troy Wilson Organ. Princeton University Press, Princeton, 1949. Pp. 181. \$5.00.

When in 1931 the labor of turning the Aristotelian corpus into English was at last completed, it was apparent that the project would rest content with the indexes that had been prepared for the translations either individually or in small related groups. The obvious desirability of an index to the entire corpus has now been answered by the work under review. Though independent in format as in inspiration, Mr. Organ's *Index to Aristotle* will take its logical place on our shelves after the eleven volumes of the Oxford translation, to which it forms the appropriate termination.

The convenience of having such an index for ready reference, if only to proper names, in itself leaves us indebted to the author, who has spared no pains to make the data immediately accessible. For example, Homeric passages quoted or referred to are tabulated by book and line under "Homer"; Platonic passages are entered under the title of each dialogue, while all the dialogues quoted are listed again alphabetically under "Plato"; old saws are quoted in full, and their authors named wherever possible, under "Proverbs."

Whether the book can serve not only the purpose of locating material but also, as the author hopes in his preface, of interpreting it, seems highly doubtful unless it be indirectly. An index can rise no higher than its source; and an index "to Aristotle in English translation" (as the title page itself declares) is subject to all the limitations of translation: to the rough approximation of terms, further complicated here by the varying preferences of several translators; to the inevitable rendering of certain single Greek terms now by one English word and now by another; conversely, to the inevitable reluctance to render certain semi-technical terms in more than one way, lest they be confused with other technical terms of restricted meaning — all defects of the parent not to be blamed on the offspring, but bespeaking for him only the same tentative reception as a judicious student would accord the parent.

College of St. Thomas Harold B. Jaffee

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